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WESSELLANOWS.

THE OLD CAMPAIGNER.

A STORY.

On the twenty-fifth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, three taps were lightly struck on the fourth-floor door of a house on the Meigecro quay at Paris, one of those tall and ugly tenements that seem to make cross faces down upon the waters of the Seine from morning till night, like so many antiquated and grinning balloons. The three taps in question caused a young girl, who was seated alone inside of the door, which they were applied, to start rather hurriedly from her seat, and to throw a piece of embroidery on the floor at her feet, believing sincerely however, that she had put it on the chair beside her. Whether this arose from emotion at the announcement of an expected visit, on an unexpected one will be by and by apparent; but, in the first place, it is necessary to tell what the damsel was, as the reader cannot be expected to take such interest as we could wish in our yet a stranger to him.

Pierre Bertrand, the father of Marie, was a splendid specimen of the old half-pay captain of the empire, such as that personage, or class of personages, became subsequently to the empire's fall. Rude and rough, though warm-hearted, retaining the mustache of the soldier, and all the soldier's habits, among which drinking and smoking held so prominent a place as to swallow almost his pension; perpetually grumbling, yet continually jolly; enormously proud of various scars and certain relics in the shape of crosses of honor, backed sabres, and riddled uniforms; spending his telling old campaigning stories, and in playing at dominoes, all the time that was not spent in drinking and smoking; such was Pierre Bertrand, and such was his way of life. For his family, Pierre, had properly speaking, two children, although one only had a just claim of priority upon him, as far as blood went. But for his having an adopted child, however, the old campaigner might never have had offspring of his own. On the field of battle, a dying comrade had consigned an infant boy to his arms, and Pierre had received the consignment with as much satisfaction and pride as others might receive a legacy of millions. It was to give this child a mother that Pierre had at first thought of marriage; and it chanced that this step, when he took it, only proved the means of bringing upon Pierre another dying legacy, his own little Marie. But the veteran bore up bravely under his burdens, and did his duty nobly by both his charges. To the boy Jules he contrived to give a good education, and six months before the period of our story—six months, in short, before the three taps at the door—Jules, then precisely twenty-three years of age, had completed a course of legal studies, and had been entered a member of the bar of the Court Royal of Paris.

It was a proud day for the old captain when Jules donned the barrister's black cap and robe. Marie was then eighteen, and as pretty a blue-eyed, merry-faced maiden as could be seen, with a heart warm and open as a sunny sky. Pierre had long settled in his own mind that his two "marmots" as he called them, should be married, and that the union should take place on the day that Jules pleaded his first case. About the feelings of the parties themselves he had never thought much, and, in truth, they had given him no cause for any uneasiness on this score.

One day, immediately after Jules had passed the legal ordeal, and Bertrand was seated in his lofty but neat domicile smoking silently and furiously, as he always did during any meditations of special importance, when a letter was brought to him. Letters were rare things with the veteran, and he looked long at the post-mark, which was that of his native province. Opening it finally, he read thus:—"Sir, I have to announce to you the demise of M. Joseph Bertrand, your cousin-german, proprietor of the foundry here. He has left a fortune valued at a million of francs. No direct heir presenting himself here on the paternal side, it is presumable that you revert the sum of 600,000 francs, the half of the whole succession, and which law devolves to that branch of the deceased's relatives.

Of course you will take the necessary steps to secure your rights." This epistle bore the signature of a provincial justice of peace, and gave other particulars of the case.

Bertrand was struck dumb for minutes, and then broke out by way of thankfulness, into a few of his common conversational phrases, which were composed of some three or four thousand bombs, one or two hundred piece of cannon, and a proportionate quantity of thunders. "Five hundred thousand francs!" at length cried he; "Marie, my girl, read this. Read my darling! five hundred thousand francs! Yes, units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands! All right, Marie, my girl! Hurrah for the emperor! Hurrah!" All was indeed right—and yet all proved not right in the end.

Bertrand, soon after receiving the letter, set out for his native place, concluding that he had but to appear and take possession. But the collateral relations had taken advantage of his absence from the spot, and had prepared unexpected obstacles for him. They had stirred and intrigued most actively, and had bought four or five consciences at some few thousand francs apiece. In short, it was found that Bertrand could not establish his degree of relationship to the deceased. Certain extracts of birth and baptism, with other indispensable documents, could not be procured, notwithstanding the lengthened researches of the old clerk of the registry, to whom Bertrand gave five thousand francs to prove his titles—which sum, by the bye, in addition to twenty thousand received from the other side, made the affair a very profitable one for the old fox. The necessary documents, however, could not be found, and Pierre returned to Paris totally disheartened, and smoking furiously.

Jules was the receptacle of the veteran's complaints. The young advocate was not slow to pronounce that chicanery and rogues' work had been at work, and persuaded Pierre to pursue the matter at law. Within a few months the cause came on before the provincial court of B—. Jules, whose activity and researches had been unwearied, appeared for the first time as a pleader. While the case was going on, Marie Bertrand was in a state of feverish impatience. She knew not the issue on the evening of the 25th day of December, 1835. It was then that she heard three taps at the door of her father's dwelling, and started from her seat to open it.

Jules entered. Marie sat down on her chair in silence, after one glance at his countenance, which wore a downcast expression. "You have lost the cause then, Jules?" said she at length. "No, Marie, it is gained; you are rich," was the reply. The damsel raised her eyes in surprise, and exclaimed—"Gained! What then means this—this—?" Jules interrupted her. "Marie, I quit Paris this evening, and I come to bid you farewell. You will be wealthy and happy! Yes, I go—but you will think of me sometimes, will you not?"

The young girl looked at Jules to see if he spoke seriously, and was stunned to behold his eyes filled with tears. At this moment Bertrand entered. Jules went up to him, placing a mass of pocket-book in his hands, said, "My kind friend, justice has been done to you; here are five hundred bank notes, of 1000 francs each—the part of your cousin's heritage which fell to you, and which I received, as authorised by you."

Bertrand looked at the papers, which Jules displayed to him; then the veteran looked at Marie, who was struggling to hide her tears; and, finally, he looked at the pale face of Jules. "Why, what is this about?" cried he.—"Why do you weep, Marie? Why do I not find you happy and joyful at such a moment? Jules, what have you been saying? Won't you answer me? Marie! Jules! By the thunder, there is something here—Marie, girl, tell me why you weep!"

The veteran's daughter made a desperate effort to compose herself. "He is going away, father," said she; "he departs this evening—he quits us—through pride, perhaps. He loved us while we were poor, and does so no more since we have become rich." After this effort, Marie laid her head on her father's shoulder, and wept more than ever.

"I hope, Jules," said Bertrand, "that you will explain this. May I be shot if I understand a word of what this little whimpering means!" "My father," replied Jules, "I depart this night." "You depart—ah, well—how long will you be away?" was Pierre's answer. "A long time, father," said the young man, "a long time—for ever, perhaps!—You have nurtured me, you have given me a place and station in life—I ought to be no more a charge to you! I leave Paris—Jules, you are insane!" returned the old soldier. "Quit Paris! and at this moment, above all others, when you have won a cause that will ring in

the courts! It is folly, and I don't comprehend it. Besides, it is impossible that you can go away. I have arranged matters otherwise!"

Marie gently raised her head, and cast on her father a look so sweet, that Jules felt himself enfeebled by its influence.

"Yes," continued Bertrand, "I have had my plans arranged, and for a long time too. Ody, I thought I could bestow on you nought but the pearl; but you shall now have the setting along with it, my lad! It won't do you any harm, will it, to have twenty-five thousand francs a-year to keep you going! Come, it is settled. Embrace him, Marie; I am pleased with him. Come, and let us off directly to the notary!"

"My father, it is impossible!" cried Jules, in accents which proved the struggle he was undergoing. "It is impossible! Already do my friends, the court, all Paris, declare that my labors, my researches, my journeyings, have all been for this money! Oh, Marie! pardon me—I love you!—Yes, I love you to idolatry! But were you now to be my wife, all men would point the finger at me, as one who would not take the poor girl, but snatch at the rich heiress—snatched at her, as soon as she had become so, and ere she could have an opportunity of seeing other suitors, more worthy of her condition, at her feet! Oh, why did I gain this cause!"

Jules was proceeding in this passionate strain when Bertrand, who had in the meantime taken the pocket-book into his hands, brought the young advocate to a pause by thus addressing him. "It is, this parcel of papers which renders you so scrupulous, my boy? It is this bundle of stuff," continued he, holding up the pocket-book, "that prevents you wedding my little girl! Ah, well, young man, I admire your delicacy. But I will not be less generous than you! So speaking, old Pierre turned to the window, which he had previously opened, and, with all the force of a vigorous arm, cast the valuable pocket-book for out into the deep and muddy waters of the Seine!"

Bertrand then turned from the window, and showing one single bank-note to the astonished and thunder-struck youth, observed coolly to him, "I have kept but one thousand francs, you see; it will serve for the expenses of the nuptials; for you will not draw back now, Jules?" He continued in a severe tone—"A few moments ago, my daughter was rich, immensely rich, and you refused her hand—like a madman I must say. She is now poor as yourself, for I know she would have been miserable with riches which she could not share with you.—To-morrow you will marry her, if you are a man of honor. If not, but I shall leave you together Marie will inform me of your reply." Bertrand then left the room, shutting the door behind him with a shock that betokened an angry excitement of mind in the old campaigner. But, after all, the recent loss of fortune seemed not long to trouble the veteran, as, on sitting down soon after to a game of dominoes with a boon companion, the latter declared he had never seen Pierre so merry in all their intercourse, or so given to burst into peals of laughter on the slightest excitement.

Jules was completely staggered by Bertrand's act, but, when left alone with Marie, he soon recovered. The sensibility of the young advocate to the public voice was no affected sentiment, nor was his love for Marie; and the pair speedily pledged themselves to each other, hand and heart. They sat long together, yet Bertrand consideredately staid out of the way, and ere he returned Jules had departed. It would be peering too curiously, perhaps, into poor weak human nature to ask if Jules did not cast a self-reproachful glance into the Seine that night as he passed it on his way homewards. If he did look wistfully on the waters, however, the future comforts, to do him justice, of Marie and her father, formed the cause of his feelings at the moment. The case was hopeless at all events. A hundred years' dragging might not have brought up that book from these deep and muddy waters.

The nuptials of Jules and Marie took place a day or two after these events. Bertrand took upon himself the orderment of the marriage festival, and he made it so splendid a one, that the single bank-note of the heritage must have deeply felt the inroad. All the friends of the family were present; and amongst them, the majority, at least of the gentlemen, were deficient in some prominent member of the body, from the nose to the right limb. But the defects of those friends of the veteran were honorably compensated by medals, and crosses, and other badges of renown. After dinner, an enormous cold tart, or pie, which Pierre publicly declared to be a new dish of his own invention, was produced with the dessert. All eyes were turned to the dish, the task of opening which fell to the pretty hands of the

bride Marie blushing began the duty, but her first incision fell upon a hard substance, which made her declare her father's fine dish to consist of something totally indivisible and indigestible. "Ah ha!" cried Pierre triumphantly, "cut it out!" Marie did so, and the company beheld a new red morocco pocket-book, well-stuffed, and marked in gilded letters with the words, "Four hundred and ninety-nine thousand francs."

Pierre roared with rapture and delight, as well he might. The sly old campaigner had thrown into the Seine nothing but the worthless old pocket-book!

Jules did not suppose his worthy father-in-law, however, to tell him what meant the pocket-book in the pie. As soon as it was brought out—and the lettering read, the veteran's ruse was clear. Jules now enjoys his twenty-five thousand francs of rent, and loves his wife as much as if she had only brought him her heart for a dowry. As to his scruples, he now says he ought to have been glad to get Marie, although she had been a queen.

Jules is at this day a distinguished and honored advocate.

From Wold's New York Despatch.

SPEAKING PLAIN.

There is in this world a great deal of unnecessary ceremony about some things, and a great deal of unnecessary ceremony about others. There is a deal of unnecessary ceremony for instance, in very politely following a man to the lower door, regretting his departure, when in truth you rejoice at it. There would, on the other hand, be a great want of necessary ceremony in following the bent of your inclination, and kicking the man down stairs. There is much unnecessary ceremony practised between woman who hate each other, who know it, and each of whom know that the other knows it. That they should carry on a system of ceremonious and unnecessary small talk of which there is no need, while standing in such relations to each other, is among the inexplicable in woman's character.

There is sometimes "much too much," ceremony between lovers—and sometimes much too little; and quite as often one extreme as the other. The most amusing part of the whole business is to see two young fools, who have been sighing a twelvemonth, or longer, through each other's nostrils; and who consider themselves as good as married, and fly into a passion of tears or of rage at the mention of the name of any other he or she in the same connexion;—it is the most amusing part of the whole business, we say, the formal declaration, the formal acceptance, or the set proposals to Pa's and Ma's of both sides of the house. Yet you shall see your swain afraid to broach the awful question, except by implication; dropping blind hints, as if it were really a great sin to speak plain; and you shall see a damsel, who has made up her mind to say yes, and who knows that it is all understood, hesitating at the word as if it would burn her lips, and after all, not daring to speak it, but accepting a husband by pantomimic gestures.

Thank heaven, all people are not quite so foolish; if they were, there would be no variety in the world. There are, here and there, men who are not ashamed to say honestly, and in few words, what they mean; and there are, here and there, women who can deal as honestly. When such people meet, short work is made of it; and when one of the sensible ones of either sex is opposed to a mincing one of the other, he or she can help the trembler over the bridge. When two fools come together as sometimes happens, they can only trust to accident, to come out of the dilemma, "some how," and accident always assists and favors fools, wherever they are.

We have been often diverted at a tale of old times in New England—short to be sure, but to the point. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other as young people sometimes do. The young woman's father was rich—the young man was poor but respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey—that is to say, she dare not disobey openly. She met "him by moon-light," while she pretended never to see him—and she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of "sights and tears," which woman oftener reaches in imagination than in reality. Still, the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose on Mary's damask cheek passed off. She let no concealment, like a "worm in the bud," prey on that damask cheek, however; but when her father asked her why she pined she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower, and loved his girl dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride never would

have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breaking out—"Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry as soon as thee chooseth, and whom thee pleaseth."

And then what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain the change, or until her father had time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then as directly to the house of her intended, not then fashionably knocking—for knocking was just sitting down to dinner—found the family as the heiress in the window's cottage, but she headed it not. John looked up inquiringly.—She walked directly to him, and took both his hands in hers, "John," said she, "father said I may have thee."

Could she have told him the news in less words? Was there any occasion for more?

A HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.—It is said that some time before the eccentric and brutal Paul Czar of Russia, was murdered by his subjects in his palace, he gave his eldest son, Alexander, leave to ask any favor he thought proper, promising to accord it to him. The young Archduke, begging that his father would not be offended, thus nobly expressed himself; "I request, sire, that any verbal order against any subject may not be put into execution until four and twenty hours shall have elapsed." This was a severe rebuke to the tyrant, whose caprice, ill-temper, and unjust acts are matters of history. Nevertheless, he granted the bold request of his son, and confirmed it by proclamation.

THE JUICE OF THE GRAPE A BLESSING.—An oriental traveller, writing for the New York Observer, furnishes a reason, which we have not before met with, why the juice of the grape was, and still is, thought such a blessing in Palestine. He says:—"It is one of the cheapest and best articles of food, being boiled down to the consistency of thick molasses. Wine is quite a minor object in the cultivation of the vine. Grapes, raisins, and the other articles just described, eaten with bread form a large part of the diet of the peasants.—The name of the article in Arabic is *debs*, which is the word used in Hebrew in the expression translated 'flowing with milk and honey.' With this fact before us, we see the benevolence and kindness of the Deity, in his introducing his people into a land where the grape was exceedingly fruitful, far more than on the ordinary belief that it only furnished wine in abundance for undue and destructive exhilaration.—Am. Temp. Union.

Dr. Marryat was exceedingly eccentric. Of him we are told—

In his latter days, when he imagined his credit was bad, he applied to a Mr. A——, and abruptly said, "You don't know me; but will you trust me a bed to sleep upon?" The reply was in the affirmative. "Well, then," said he, "I shall pay on such a day." Exactly at the appointed time, the doctor called, but not finding Mr. A at home, he wrote a note saying, "Why do you make me a liar? I called to pay you; send for your money this evening, or I will throw it into the street."

The delightful game of chess, before which all others hide their diminished heads, is the well-known legacy of Persian intellect, and retains in its nomenclature traces of its oriental origin.—Thus check! the warning of attack on the hostile monarch, is simply *Schek!* or "King!" though French gallantry has extended the intimation, at the expense of the etymology, by saying also "*echec a la Reine!*" Again, the fearful consummation of *checkmate!* is but the Anglified variety of *Schek mat!* "the king is dead!"

A man who was in the habit of talking to himself, being asked by his wife why he did so—replied, that he liked to converse with a man of sense.

"You don't *chor*," as the toad said to the snake, when he was about to swallow him whole.

MOVES.—A girl down east said she didn't like to swing in the garden, 'cause the taters had eyes.

"Hallo boy, ain't you got a daddy living?" "No, but my brothers have!" "What's their names?" "Why, they're both named Bill, except Sam, and his name's Bob! My name's Boozie, but they calls me Boozie for short. Any thing more to ax?"

From the Eastern Argus.
THE AMISTAD PRISONERS.

This is the day fixed for an investigation into the case of the Amistad and its cargo, before the U. S. Court at Hartford. The question, what is to be done with the Africans captured in the Amistad, excites a great deal of discussion throughout the country. Their surrender, our readers know, has been demanded by the Spanish Minister in this country. In support of this demand, the advocates for the surrender say:

It is sufficient for this Government to know that the parties whose surrender is demanded, are criminals in the country, (Spain) whose laws have been broken, and they must be tried in that country, the crime having been committed by subjects of that nation, and under its flag.

In opposition to this view of the case, it is urged that these Africans cannot be considered as slaves—that they were taken from Africa in express violation of the laws of Spain, and of a Royal order issued as late as November last at Madrid—and that these facts will be investigated by our tribunals. A writer in the New York American thinks that there is more reason for securing and delivering up the two Spaniards who claim to own the slaves, than the slaves themselves. He says in reply to an

ish newspaper:—“no blacks who are native within whose jurisdiction they were brought against their own will, and in contravention of all law? But, if the writer means to affirm that the two Spaniards, who are not afraid to claim stolen men as their property; who, together with the captain of the vessel, were at least, accessory to a piracy after the fact, and may be more deeply implicated; who concealed that piracy that they might participate in its profits—these men are subjects of Spain, and perhaps ought to be secured, and delivered to the authorities; that they may be tried by the laws of that land; and if this is what the writer in the *Noticias de Ambo* means to affirm, it is easy to see the connection, between his premises and conclusions.

A private examination was had, a few days since, of Cinquez and one of his comrades, before the Marshal of Connecticut, through the aid of an African interpreter. The N. Y. Whig gives the following summary of the facts elicited:—

Cinquez, or Jinguas as it should be spelled, according to the account published by L. Tappan, Esq., states that he left his father, mother, wife, and three children in Africa, and Bowle said he left his mother, three brothers and two sisters at his native place, Badebou. Bowle said it was six or seven days' travel from Mandingo to Gallinas near the sea, and he did not know any town named Mandingo. It is supposed that they came from a place near the sources of the river Niger. They stated that they had been in battles, in their own country, using muskets but had never been kidnappers. I would never take any advantage of any one, said Jinguas, but would always defend myself. Bowle said his oldest brother was in debt, and they sold him to pay it. They have no money there, said he, and trade away men instead of money. They often trade people away to the Spaniards, for powder and guns. Bowle said there was great slavery in Gallinas.

They stated that they were brought down the country to the sea coast, and were chained when put on board the slave, which was a brig. It was crowded with slaves, there being 200 men, 300 women, and plenty of children. Jinguas here got down on the floor, to show us how they were stowed on board, then moved about on his knees, and as he rose put his hand on the top of his head, to indicate how low the deck was. They said their sufferings were great on the passage, and several of their number had died.

They stated that they were nearly two months going to Havana. There they were put on shore, at the city, in the night, and ironed hand and foot. Besides this, every two were chained together at the waist and by the neck. When they were put on board the Amistad it was in the evening, and they sailed about midnight. Their Irons were then taken off. Some slept below, and the rest on deck. Two of the Spaniards on board were armed with muskets. The captain of the schooner was very cruel, he beat them on the head very hard with anything he could catch, and he kept them almost starved.

They say there was no persons on board the schooner besides themselves and comrades, and the captain, the two Spaniards, the cabin boy, the cook, and two men who acted as guard. The cook was a mulatto, and the cabin boy is a negro. Jinguas and Bowle both said they were down in the hold, and did not see the fight. The quarrel took place when they had been about two days from Havana; the beginning of it was the cook's fault, who told the Africans that they were going to carry them where they would kill and eat all of them. Before that night they fought fair. No African was killed, but all that were killed were on the other side. Antonio said that Jinguas did not kill any body.

From the Boston Post.
U. S. DISTRICT COURT.

DESPERATE MUTINY AT SEA.

On Saturday nine seamen were brought before Judge Davis, upon the complaint of E. Smith, Jr., Acting District Attorney charging them with a mutiny at sea in February last. Their names are Richard Mosserder, James T. Armstrong, Charles Stone, William Collins, Robert Brooks, John Titton, John Winchester, John Johnson, and John Brogton. From several depositions forwarded by Robert H. Hunter, U. S. Consul at Coves, the following facts were disclosed:—

In January last the ship *Ulysses* sailed from Baltimore for Armstrong, with a cargo of tobacco and Staves. The crew consisted of the captain, (Henry Galt) two mates, ten able bodied men before the mast, a steward and cook—in all fifteen.

On the evening of February 16th, while the nine prisoners named above were below, a heavy squall arose, and the mate ordered them on deck to take in sail. They refused to obey the order, and gave for a reason that they did not get food enough. The mate repeated his order, and they again refused, unless he would agree that in future their allowance of victuals should be increased.

The mate refused to make any such condition, and reported their revolting proposition to the captain, who directed him to go below and fetch up the ringleader, but when he went down he found them prepared for a deadly resistance, and determined not to permit Brogton, their “spokesman,” to be taken. In the meantime Capt. Galt had armed himself with a cutlass, and placed a brace of pistols in the galley as a dernier resort. The mate having reported his inability to secure Brogton, the captain armed with his cutlass, went below, and there found Brogton with a pistol, and Collins with a lever, and the others with knives. He attempted to lay hold of Collins, but was knocked down, wounded in the face, and then had his legs tied. The mate came to see fire. He then called out to the steward for some priming, and Collins replied, “Fire and be damned. We have as many pistols as you have.” Collins then pointed his pistol

The mates, finding that they could not contend with the mutineers, used all their exertions to release the captain, and, with the assistance of the steward, dragged him on deck, all covered with blood. The mutineers did not attempt to follow, and taking advantage of this circumstance the officers suddenly fastened down the fore-castle hatch. They further secured it by nailing a three inch plank across, and stowing a portion of the chain cable upon it. Thus they were confined and kept upon bread and water day after day. At length they became clamorous for an increased allowance of water, and threatened to burst out from their uncomfortable prison. The captain replied, that he would shoot them man by man, if they attempted to break out, and as they were satisfied of his sincerity, they gave up the plan. The captain then increased their allowance of water to three pints a day. He also ordered the mate to propose to them to return to their duty, but they demanded conditions, and the captain would enter into none whatever, and the negotiation was broken off.

He put into the port of Coves, and reported the state of his crew to the consul, who, upon examination, sanctioned his proceedings, and sent the mutineer, with him to Amsterdam, where they were transferred to a guard-ship. When ready for sailing, Capt. Galt refused to take them as prisoner passengers to be tried in this country for the mutiny. The *Ulysses* sailed for Baltimore, and the next vessel at Amsterdam, bound to an American port, being the York, Capt. Larabee, the prisoners were put on board of her, and brought to the port of Boston, on Friday last. The U. S. consul also sent with the prisoners the pistols, knives, and heavers found in their possession when they were formally arrested at Coves. He also sent the rope with which they bound Capt. Galt.

Among the depositions, was one by the steward respecting the provisions served out, and according to his statement the bill of fare was capital for “sailor's grub.” Coffee and molasses every morning, and coffee and terevery evening. Also beef or pork with pea-soup and other fixens for dinner every day, with dum fish by way of extra. On the day of the mutiny they had dum fish for dinner, with potatoes, and 15 lbs of beef were cooked, which they could have had by applying to the cook. There was also half a barrel of bread in the fore-castle, to which they had a “free pass,” with the understanding that it was to last till the end of the week.

Upon this statement of facts the prisoners were committed for trial at the October term of the U. S. Circuit Court.

The Rev. Zelotes Fuller, of Philadelphia, is now undergoing his trial in that city, charged with having committed assault and battery upon Mrs. Elizabeth Ploumder. Mr. Ploumder, the lady's husband, is a travelling picture seller, and during his absence from the city, in the early part of last spring, Mr. Fuller visited his wife, doubtless with the intent of soothing her lonely hours. Indeed, so anxious was he to comfort her, that he kindly offered his services to act as a husband pro tempore. He told her that she must be lonesome—that he should like to spend his evenings with her—that he wanted a kiss very bad, and finally concluded by an attempt to go through the impressive ceremony of “laying on hands.” The lady objected to his conduct, and endeavored to escape from the room, but was prevented by Zelotes himself, who compelled her to promise that she would not inform her husband of what he had done, on his part promising never to enter her house. But as he saw fit to break his word, the lady considered herself released from her engagement, and told the whole affair to her husband. Of course, Mr. Ploumder was greatly enraged, and determined that the holy violator of decency should be punished. The conduct of Zelotes was singular enough, when he ascertained that the husband

had been informed of his villany. At one time he was all penitence and humility, begging of Mr. Ploumder that he would have mercy upon him, and saying that his improper conduct had been committed while in a state of intoxication. So abject, indeed, were his proceedings, that they only hardened the heart of the man whom he had attempted to wrong. Finding that his grovelling was not attended with the desired effect, he assumed the lofty attitude of an injured man, and endeavored to make it out that Mrs. Ploumder was a modern Zuleika Potiphar, though he by no means arrogated to himself the character of a Joseph. Mrs. F., he said, had called his teeth pretty—had put her arm around his neck, and gave the coup de grace to his virtue by impressing upon his lips a most affectionate kiss, whereupon he did what he sagely enough declares any other man would have done under the same circumstances—he returned the kiss with interest, compound, we dare say. When the lips of a pretty woman are adhering to those of any man, and her arms about his neck, that man, be he of the clergy or of the laity, will be apt to find his “blood lava and his pulse a flow,” and he will indulge in a “long, long kiss.” But the reverend gentleman—that is, if he told the truth, we shrewdly suspect he lied—should have recollected his sacred calling, and that the greater temptation the greater the merit of resisting the world, the flesh, and the devil. The testimony on the trial bore very hard against him, and even some of his own witnesses proved that he held very loose opinions in regard to women. He appears to have been a kind of religious rascal, particularly partial to kissing, and similar pleasant devices with which “Satan angles with souls.” His holy station, as in many other cases of a similar character, rendered him double dangerous. At the last accounts, the case had gone to the jury, by whom, we trust, justice will be done.—*Boston Post.*

From the New Orleans Times.
LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS.

If during the winter we are the gayest people on this continent, with more variety of life and manners than any other city presents, in the summer we are the dullest. The monotony of existence caused by the very general absence is only varied by the fever and the exciting scenes it creates. We proceed to mention one, the relation of which caused a chill through our hearts, and struck the “electric chain,” by which we are strongly bound. It surely must have thrilled the heart of the beholder with sudden horror. Dr. Lambert, an excellent as well as an eminent physician in this city, relates that during his frequent rides through the different streets, his attention has almost always been attracted as he passed a house where a poor family lived. The family consisted of a man and his wife, both rather young, and the latter good looking, with a little infant smiling in beauty, and about ten months old. He was led to notice them from their appearance of content that lived there, and their being frequently on the banquette before the house. After the fever set in, he still saw them for some days, happy as usual, but at length he missed them from the accustomed place. This he did for two days, until on the third, feeling uneasy for them he stopped his gig before the house, alighted, and rapped at the door. No one answering, he pushed open the door and went in. There lay the husband and wife on the floor—both dead of the fever, and the former decaying. The child was alive, and with its little arms around the dead mother's neck, vainly trying to draw the sustaining fluid from the breast. Dr. L. says that familiar as he is with scenes of death, nothing before has ever shocked his feeling to half the extent. With a praise worthy benevolence he has taken measures to have the infant protected. Such is “life in New Orleans.”

A SPIRIT OF LITIGATION: REBURNED. Some years ago, a man who had more spare money than good sense, suffered himself to be sued for the sum of two dollars; enraged at what he considered the audacity of the plaintiff, he resolved to put every engine of the law in force “to keep him out of his money,” and accordingly applied to a gentleman of the bar for his professional aid to effect his object. After listening to his statement of the case, the attorney demanded only a fee of three dollars, which the defendant paid down. The attorney went to the magistrate's office and paid the debt and cost with the three dollars which he had just received from his client. They met in a few days after, when the man inquired of the attorney whether he had attended to the case, and what was the result. Yes, sir, replied the lawyer, and I have completely *non suited* the plaintiff; he'll never trouble you more.—*Independent Republican.*

A Roarer that's hard to beat.—A remarkable fine calf was exhibited in this place a few days ago. It was a male four and a half months old and weighed five hundred and twenty-five pounds. He was raised by Mr. Philip Cosner, of Morris township, in this county.—*Mt. Vernon (Ohio) Cabinet.*

The editor of the Washington Metropolitan says that “woman are ticklish things”—how do you know, friend Smith? Did you ever tickle any?—*Boston Post.*

Knowledge is power: Curious illustration.

At a meeting which took place the other evening for the purpose of forming a North London Mechanics Institution, Mr. Basil Monagu as an illustration of the maxim that knowledge is power, related the following anecdote:—He was walking a few months ago in Portland Place, when he observed a large crowd of people assembled, and found that it was in consequence of a large mastiff dog having assailed one in his gripe. Several persons tried, by splitting the mastiff's ears and by biting and pinching his tail, to make it let go its hold, but in vain. At last a delicate and dandified young gentleman came up, and making his way through the crowd into the circle, requested to be allowed to separate the dogs; assent was given amid jeers and laughter, when the dandy slowly drew from his pocket a large snuff box, and having taken a pinch himself, inserted his fingers again into the box, and deliberately applied it to the mastiff's nose.

The snuff operated so powerful on the animal's olfactory nerves, that it not only immediately let go its hold, but made its escape as fast as it could. The dandy was loudly cheered, upon which he stopped for a moment, and said, “Gentlemen, I have merely given you a proof that ‘Knowledge is Power.’”

VAMPIRE OR BAT. The terrific Vampire of the credulous vulgar, so often mentioned by writers of the marvellous, with imaginary power to suck the blood of infants and others in sleep, is none other than the Bat. This animal belongs to the genus mammalia, and partakes of the order of quadrupeds and birds. It is sometimes called “a flying mouse.” It has a tegumentary membrane extending over the bones of the extremities, so as to constitute wings, capable of sustaining them and conveying them through the air: and are therefore sometimes called *hauk-winged*. There is a great variety of species. But they are all nocturnal and during the day remain in hollow trees, caves &c. and all have very sharp, cutting and acutely tuberculated jaws; and they bite with great force, which has probably given rise to the wonderful stories of their nightly attacks on children. And no doubt there have been cases of their biting the face or throat of persons in their sleep. In the mammoth cave in Kentucky, millions of these disgusting animals congregated during the winter season, and are to be seen in clusters at a great distance from the entrance. They have the sense of feeling, or touch in an unequalled degree. Their soft velvet wings enable them to fly without noise, and with great rapidity. It is said they are often covered with what are usually called the bed-bug; and that they are often probably the means of introducing them into our houses.

PRESSURE OF THE SEA. If a piece of wood which floats on water be forced down to a great depth in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding liquid will be so severe, that a quantity of water will be forced into the pores of the wood, and so increase its weight, that it will be no longer capable of floating or rising to the surface. Hence the timbers of ships, which have foundered in a deep part of the ocean, never rise again to the surface, like those which are sunk near the shore. A diver may with impunity, plunge to certain depths in the sea; but there is a limit beyond which he cannot continue to live under the pressure to which he is subject. For the same reason it is probable that there is a depth, below which fishes cannot live. They have, according to Joslin, been caught in a depth, at which they must have sustained a pressure of eighty tons to each square foot of the surface of their bodies.

WHIG BOND OF UNION.

What holds the Whigs together at the North & South? What is their sign? What their compact of principle? Ask this question of any whig and you ask it in vain. Have they any common manifesto of their principles? Do the speeches of the whig leaders correspond with each other? Look, on the contrary, at the demerits. They hold their principles up to the world, and boldly challenge examination. They are the same in one part of the country as they are in another: does any one inquire where they can be found? Let him examine the admirable address of the members of Congress under date of July 6, 1835, and there he will see them.—No whig documents has as yet answered them, or even attempted it; and for the plain reason that it is unanswerable.

But there is a bond of union the whigs unblushingly put forth; to do them justice, however it is only done by the Whigs, PRENTISS, ATLAS and company stamp. It consists in the support of a popular candidate, regardless of principle.—It is in grain a mere scramble for office. It is a complete system of corruption from beginning to end. Hear what some of the honest whig Journals say. The Boston Daily Advertiser has boldly spoken out on this subject. The following is the language of the LEXINGTON REPORTER, a leading whig journal of Kentucky:—

“Can any party exist which is knit together by no higher bond of union than this? Can it be that the great whig party of the United States, than the mere elevation of a particular individual? If such be the fact let the party, at once, be dissolved, and reconstruct itself upon more elevated grounds.”

Citizens of Massachusetts! Such is the bond of union urged by such prints as the Boston Atlas. Shall Massachusetts be made a mere hol to General Harrison's kite to gratify a set of fanatical politicians?—*Boston Post.*

From the Eastern Argus.
FEDERAL TROUBLES.

The opposition papers have been in great trouble for a few days, on account of a resolution adopted by the Whig State Convention at Worcester, on the subject of the Presidency. The Atlas said that the Resolution was substantially a recommendation of Gen. Harrison as the Whig candidate, and added, that “it was agreed by every body at Worcester, with scarcely an exception, that Gen. Harrison was the only whig candidate who stood the slightest chance of being elected.” At this the Daily Advertiser was quite indignant. It denied that any preference for Gen. Harrison was expressed by the Convention, and replied to the Atlas as follows:

In the meantime, as the print referred to has seen fit in this stage of the proceedings, to make the declaration, that “it was agreed by every body at Worcester, with scarcely an exception, that Gen. Harrison was the only whig candidate who stood the slightest chance of being elected,” we deemed it due, not only to ourselves, but to all those who feel indignant at this mode of forestalling the public opinion, to declare our firm conviction, that if Gen. Harrison shall prove to be the candidate nominated by the Harrisburg Convention, although he will doubtless in such case be supported in good faith by the active members of the whig party in this State, *he will nevertheless not receive a cordial and hearty support, and consequently will not obtain a single electoral vote in this State, or in New England.* Such is not only our opinion, but the opinion of many intelligent members of the whig party, and although we are sorry to be compelled to express it at this time, we feel bound by a sense of duty, in consequence of the course which has been pursued by the ardent and inconsiderate advocates of Gen. Harrison to do so.

This is plain talk, certainly, and much more true than that which is generally found in the whig papers. We agree with the Advertiser that Gen. Harrison would hardly receive “a single electoral vote in New England,” nor do we think Henry Clay would do much better. Whatever candidate the whigs nominate will find most meagre support among the people of New England. The Resolution referred to by the Atlas and Advertiser has now been published, and is thus written:

“Resolved, That in the present position of the Whig party of the country, the Whigs of Massachusetts, entreating the highest respect for all the candidates that have been named—laying aside all preferences, and presuming to make no independent nomination of their own—solely reiterated their determination to stand by the selection that shall be made by the National Convention at Harrisburg, December next, whether that selection be Henry Clay, of Kentucky, or William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, or any other distinguished Whig; and do *not* exert, in making that selection, to consider only who will most conciliate the whig party of the country—*unite their strength—and achieve their common and glorious object.*”

The Boston Gazette says, concerning this resolution:

The foregoing Resolution is well enough, so far as it goes. But as it was deemed proper, to introduce the name of Gen. Harrison among the proceedings, we should have been the more gratified, had a distinct resolution been adopted, declaring the unlimited confidence of the Convention, in the talents, integrity, and patriotism of that distinguished statesman, and his manifold qualifications for the high office of President of the United States.

When is the “light,” spoken of by the Philadelphia Star, about to “break in upon the whig party?” when will the “union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union” take place?

MORE DIFFICULTIES UPON THE FRONTIER.

We are informed that considerable excitement prevails at the east in consequence of the issuing of permits by the Land Agent of Massachusetts to Bluenoses and others to cut timber upon the disputed territory. The officers in command at Fort Fairfield say it will be impossible for them to prevent trespassing, if Massachusetts insist on pursuing this course, and Capt. Parrot has seized a boat load of supplies that were going in for Cpl. Webster who is about to commence operations again under another permit.

Considering the great expense that this State has incurred and is now incurring to protect timber, belonging to Massachusetts as well as that belonging to Maine, from trespassers, we certainly had a right to expect that the State would throw no obstacles in our way, if it would not contribute to the expense. We understand that Gov. Fairfield some time since remonstrated with Gov. Everett upon this course, but it would seem from the late granting of permits that it was with out effect. We are not prepared to say now, to what extent the authorities of this State may go in preventing all lumbering under their permits, but we hope our rights will be exercised up to their extreme limits.—*Saco Democrat.*

ATTACK ON FORT FAIRFIELD.—A correspondent of Mr. Briggs of the Mechanics News Room, writes from Bangor under date of September 12, that on the morning of the 8th inst. an attack was made on Fort Fairfield by an armed party of Bluenoses. They came up to the stockade at 8 o'clock in the morning—and it be-

